

RICH AND HIS FARM

What the Village of Elba Is Like.

IT LOOKS LIKE AN ACCIDENT

The Home of the Future Governor Is Typical in Its Quaint Simplicity and Thrift.

Writing to the Detroit News a correspondent says that Elba looks like the result of an accident. The village has an air of having wandered off from somewhere and sat down, regardless of conditions and location of houses, satisfied that it was tolerably well bunched for a dozen houses, two stories, with a postoffice, and seventy-five inhabitants, and utterly indifferent as to where it happened to be when it stopped. There is a rakish look to some of the houses, which gives it the appearance of a revenue cutter. You have to go around the town to get to the postoffice, which is in the outskirts, the best of the houses being the suburban residences, with the exception of the other store, which is at the end of the village. The little depot fronts the railroad track, with a potato patch dividing it from the village.

Elba is lighted by the moon and isn't troubled by boudle aldermen. It is sometimes lighted by electricity, however, as on last Monday night, when the new moon went down, the aurora borealis took its place, but there was something the matter with the celestial dynamo, the light being such as to justify any respectable citizen in denouncing it.

Value of One Man Discussed. A dimly burning lamp or two in the store with the postoffice connection was barely sufficient for purposes of navigation between the legs of two rows of seated citizens, a portion only of whose form, a face here and a shoulder there, could be discerned as the way was made slowly to the rear to reach the pretty girl who had a lamp and the charge of the telephone. Before the girl was reached, the discussion which had been going on in a high key on the part of the fragments of the crowd terminated in the unanimous conclusion that one man wasn't worth much on a wheat stack. Steering by the north star back to the other store and bearing south on a warped, pine sidewalk through whose cracks Timothy had grown luxuriantly, thankful for the flash of a brilliant aerolite in that it exhibited the power of a Heavenly Father who in his mercy would see a devout reporter safely out of that town, he having concluded to take a bed at the other store, was overtaken by a heavy voice, and, as seen by the light of the aurora borealis, a very portly young man, a decidedly acceptable fat young man, who proved to be the manager of John T. Rich's farm.

Was I the party who telegraphed? If it was then he had a rig and it was to go right out to the house. It was only two miles.

The Stars Winked Welcome. Robinson Crusoe nearly fainted away when the vessel appeared in sight and my momentary hesitation in not instantly and thankfully accepting salvation was simply the result of a similar revulsion of feeling. But I accepted and was soon on the road with Elba and the North Star at our backs. The stars winked a welcome. The cicadas, strident and lonely before, were as home music sweet to the ear. The bullfrogs in the marshy spots twanged melodiously. It was like the change from despair to the effect of the second bottle. The breeze blew over the clover.

"Do you smell anything peculiar?" inquired my angelic fat friend, interrupting my ecstatic train of thought. "Why, yes, certainly," was the reply. "I recognize it," and I sniffed up the powerful perfume of fresh-cut marsh grass.

"I hit him before I knew it," said the manager. "I just caught a glimpse of him at the horse's forehead and I had to go over him. But it don't smell very bad does it?"

It Was a Pole Cat. "Why, no," I replied. "I have no recollection of the pungent odor of my boyhood's dread, that swamp barber shop, the pole cat.

So curious are the workings of the human mind and so trifling are the things upon which it depends for giving it direction that no student of human nature will be surprised when I assert that the first recognized sniff of that interesting animal, caused by my remaining suspicion that John T. Rich was not a genuine farmer to vanish. There was very little suspicion remaining, however, when Elba was struck by the light of a switch lamp. Any man who has lived near that town since he was 7 years of age, as Rich has, must ever remain a hayseed, do what he will to become cosmopolitan.

Mrs. Rich a Woman of Affairs. A short talk with the amiable hostess of the farmhouse and the portly farm manager in which the hiring of "hands" played a part; a snug room and sound sleep; the creaking of a well pole, and morning had come again with the sun shining on the 360 broad, rolling acres of the Rich farm, with its clover, wheat and pasture fields, orchard, farmhouse and modern outbuildings. A living creek cuts through the field back of the house. At the family breakfast, at which the manager appeared, the attentive hostess found time for a brief consultation about the work for the day, and seemed rather more absorbed in household duties and farm affairs than in the political prospects of her absent husband. She informed the reporter, however, that Mr. Rich was thoroughly posted on the condition of the stock and crops, notwithstanding his absences from the farm. And the reporter was inclined to believe that if the possible future governor lacked in insight pertaining to farm management, the evident ability of Mrs. Rich fully supplies it.

AUGUST MAGAZINES. With the number for August The Forum publishes its thirteenth volume. Among the leading topics of this number are "Shall the Southern Question

be Revived?" under which are grouped two articles—"The Unparalleled Industrial Progress of the South," by Richard H. Edmunds, the late editor of the Manufacturers' Record of Baltimore, the leading industrial paper of the South, and "The Disastrous Effects of a Force Bill," by Hoke Smith, chairman of the school board of Atlanta, Ga., and chief owner of the Atlanta Journal. Other articles of a political kind are: "The Folly of the Free-Coinage Agitation," and "The Necessity of the Repeal of the Sherman Silver Act of 1890," by Louis Windmiller, a widely-known merchant of New York; "The Advantage of the Repeal of Tax on State Banks," by David M. Stone, editor of the New York Journal of Commerce—an article in the line of the Democratic financial plank and of the bill recently introduced in the house of representatives; and "Municipal Government: A Corporate, Not a Political Problem," by Mr. Frank Morrison of Boston (the first of a series of discussions of Municipal Government, which will contain the results of much original investigation). In this number is begun a series of articles on the scope and present opportunity of the learned professions, the first article being on "Literature as a Career," by Walter Basant. Mr. Richard H. Dana writes "An American View of the Irish Question," a parallel between Great Britain's treatment of the American colonies and her treatment of Ireland.

Emile Zola's latest novel, "The Downfall," is unquestionably the strongest thing yet written by that brilliant Frenchman. The Prussian invasion of France furnishes the theme for the story. Zola has tried the daring experiment of describing that stupendous operation, with all its thrilling, dramatic events and its military lessons from the standpoint of the men in the ranks and he has succeeded beyond measure. Zola, though a patriotic Frenchman, is fair to both French and Prussians. He tells of the sad lack of discipline in the army of the Emperor, the conflict of authority, and the absolute incapacity of many of the generals. He must have talked with hundreds of private soldiers in order to obtain facts for his story. Every page is crowded with incidents of soldiers' lives and interesting details of their routine. Published by Cassell Publishing company, New York.

Mr. Bok has succeeded in unearthing a quantity of unpublished material by Henry Ward Beecher, which will be published as a series of articles in The Ladies' Home Journal. The material is especially valuable since it deals with a range of topics both varied and timely, and will advance, for the first time in print, the great preacher's views on a number of such interesting questions as marriage, home government, woman in public and private life, politics, etc. Mr. Bok has secured the co-operation of Mrs. Beecher and Prof. Ellwood, Mr. Beecher's private reporter, in the editing of the material.

Girls Desist to Be Patronized. A woman or girl with any spirit will not be patronized. She may not have as much money as some, she may not occupy a social position equal to her patroness, yet she has a spirit of independence left, and unless favors can be given without showing the spirit of condescension, the great stepping off of the exalted pedestals that such attentions indicate, she would rather never go anywhere, see any one or do anything, excepting when she need not have forced upon her the knowledge of how much is being done for her in the notice of one so greatly her superior.

A genuine desire to bring enjoyment into another's life and ostentatious condescensions are two entirely different matters, and can never be confounded even by the very high spirited girl.—Philadelphia Times.

A House Built of Human Skulls. All lovers of ghoulsome, uncanny and horrible tales will remember the story of Timor and his famous "Pyramid of Skulls." The butchery which resulted in the building of that horrible edifice is recalled by the recent discovery near Nisch, Servia, of a building wholly constructed of human skulls and bones. It is in the form of a square, about sixteen feet high, and is composed of fifty-six piles of deathheads and crossbones, there being seventeen skulls and as many pairs of crossbones in each pile. When or by whom it was erected is still a mystery.—St. Louis Republic.

Not as Bad as Reported. A curious and rather startling misprint appeared in all the papers of Moscow the other day. In describing the reception of the czar at Kiel they state that in the evening, as the Russian Imperial yacht left the harbor, the Germans let play their "electrical stone throwers." It appears that the word "Steinwerfer"—stone throwers—was somehow substituted for the proper word, "Scheinwerfer," or reflectors.—Cur. London News.



A young man who knows when he is well off.—Life.

Cheap Signs. A fairly cheap way of advertising wars by sign is to have the lettering painted right on the walls of the house. In some cases we find large raised gold letters fixed to the house wall. Within late years a method of affixing white enamel letters to the window panes has come much into use. Very often, however, this constitutes not so much a sign as a partial specification of the wares for sale within.—New York Times.

NOT A WORD SAID

Old Veterans Hurried Into the Grave

WITHOUT THE LEAST OFFICE

Commonly Allotted to the Most For-saken Pauper—A Protest and a Reply.

EDITOR HERALD—I am in receipt of the following letter:

SOLDIERS' HOME, Mich., July 25, 1932.

DEAR COMRADE—During the existence of this establishment—misnamed the Soldiers' Home, "home," you have ever shown a deep interest, not only in the temporal but spiritual welfare of its inmates. As a Christian I appeal to you to cry aloud at the brutal and indecent method being pursued in the disposal of our martyred dead. Within the week two deceased veterans have been foully thrust in the earth without benefit of clergy or one parting word of sympathy. Experience has taught us fully the misery connected with life in the "home," but death now presents terrors at which fingers themselves would revolt. Is Michigan so poor, or its present policy so mean and indecent as to refuse civilized burial to its soldier dead? Even Andersonville respected death after its living horrors. I will not believe that either priest or parson exists in the city that would allow so indecent a blot on christianity as stained the home in these two cases of death.

Hastily and fraternally yours,
E. W. ANDREWS.
Chaplain of the Veterans.

Comment seems unnecessary, yet I can hardly refrain from sanctioning a remark one of the soldiers lately made: "Everything is going to the devil at the Soldiers' home," said he. The men used to form in line for meals, march in regular order and wait in respectful silence while "grace" was being said. For months past I am told they rush in like so many hogs, "the devil take the hindmost," and gulp down the food without ceremony.

The query naturally arises, where is the chaplain or his substitute? What has become of John A. Logan post that it allows an ex-soldier to be buried like an "unlabeled cur?" Has Major Long become so demoralized by his democratic surroundings that he, too, has forgotten to see to it that an ex-soldier buried with the honor due a soldier? Michigan has indeed fallen very low when she permits those who were once her glory and pride to be buried like unknown paupers. There may be some excuse, but certainly no sufficient excuse for such shameful neglect.

The Veterans to Blame. It makes my heart ache whenever I think of the changes that have taken place in these respects since I was acting chaplain there. Then the chapel was nearly always filled, and I ever tried hard to keep prominent the idea that we were paying the last honors to a man who on account of services rendered his country in her hour of need was the peer of any man who ever lived. No treason is so base as ingratitude. No act is so shameful as the act of an ex-soldier who permits his comrades of the battlefield to be buried as Comrade Andrews says these last two soldiers have been buried. The chief disgrace of this shameful business must be borne by the veterans themselves, because they could have prevented it if they had cared to. The veterans themselves have apparently become so sordid, so beastly, so unkind that they deny their unfortunate comrades even the outward appearance of regard when their eyes are closed in death. A lower stage of degradation than this can no ex-soldier ever reach. Let us hope we shall never hear the like again. CHARLES K. GIBSON.

Statement of the Commandant. A reporter for THE HERALD, who was sent to the home to investigate the matter, learned that the charges were true; that the men had been buried without any services.

Commandant McKee was seen and said the charges that men had been buried without religious service of any kind whatever were true, in the abstract. The chaplain of the home is absent on leave of absence and the records of men had been preserved for a memorial service which will be held next Sunday in the chapel.

When the Dinner Bell Rings. People ought to feel hungry, and when they feel hungry they ought to eat. But, alas, they don't frequently. That plague strike of the just and of the unjust; of the abstemious and the glutton; of youth, middle-aged and life's decline—the protean imp, dyspepsia—exact its penalties for appetite's appeasement in the shape of heartburn, wind and uncomfortable distention of the stomach and general disturbance in the gastric region. Dyspepsia is very generally accompanied by biliousness, irregularity of the bowels, insomnia and nervousness, for each and all of which, as well as their cause, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the nation's chosen remedy. It cures the chronic and the temporary troubles, lack of strength and flesh and failure of appetite and the power to rest tranquilly are also overcome by the bitters.

It does not follow because water is clear and sparkling that it is pure. Only when passed through the Peck Bros. Germ Proof Filters at 300 and 400 Gals. per hour, No. 134, East Fulton street, do you know it is absolutely pure.

My physician said I could not live, my liver out of order, frequently vomited greenish mucus, skin yellow, small dry humors on face, stomach would not retain food. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me. Mrs. Adelaide O'Brien, No. 372 Exchange street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Buy Dullum's Great German 25 cent Cough Cure at D. C. Scribner's.

Buy Dullum's Great German 15 cent Liver Pills, forty in each package, at Scribner's.

If you always insist upon having Allcock's Porous Plasters and never accept a substitute, you will not be disappointed.

For colds, croup, asthma, bronchitis and sore throat use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, and get the genuine.

Many of the noted sanitarians and famous health resorts are using Garfield Tea in their treatment of constipation and female weaknesses.

Do not confuse the famous Pink of Roses with the many worthless pink powders, creams and soaps which are flooding the market. Get the genuine of White & White. It costs per bottle and I guarantee it will remove your pimples, freckles, blemishes, moths, tan and sunburn, and give you a lovely complexion.

For Over Fifty Years Mrs. Winters' Ointment has been used for chills, leishmaniasis, the skin, eczema, the gums, all skin, eyes, throat, and is the best remedy for dandruff, it cures dandruff in a bottle.

THE TITAN OF CHASMS

A Mile Deep, 13 Miles Wide, 217 Miles Long, and Painted Like a Flower.

The Grand Canon of the Colorado river, in Arizona, is now for the first time easily accessible to tourists. A regular stage line has been established from Flagstaff, Arizona, on the Atlantic & Pacific railroad, making the trip from Flagstaff to the most imposing part of the canon in less than twelve hours. The stage fare for the round trip is only \$20, and meals and comfortable lodgings are provided throughout the trip at a reasonable price. The view of the Grand Canon afforded at the terminus of the stage route is the most stupendous panorama known in nature. There is also a trail at this point leading down the Canon wall, more than 6,000 feet vertically, to the river below. The descent of the trail is a grander experience than climbing the Alps, for in the bottom of this terrific and sublime chasm are hundreds of mountains greater than any of the Alpine range.

A book describing the trip to the Grand Canon, illustrated by many full-page engravings from special photographs, and furnishing all useful information, may be obtained free upon application to John J. Byrne, No. 723 Monadnock block, Chicago, Ill.

You will miss it if you do not go to O'Hara's great summer shoe sale this week, 72 Canal street.

Ladies, if you purchase a pair of high or low shoes at \$2.50, or over, from us this week we will make you a present of 50 cents in cash at O'Hara's, 72 Canal street.

Have used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for croup and colds, and declare it a positive cure. Contributed by William Kay, No. 570 Plymouth avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

Stated by H. B. Cochran, druggist, Lancaster, Pa. Have guaranteed over 300 bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters for dyspepsia, sour stomach, bilious attacks, liver and kidney trouble.

Soft shell crabs this week at Dettenthaler's.

Freeb lobsters at Dettenthaler's.

The greatest worm destroyer on earth is Dullum's Great German Worm Lozenges, only 35 cents per box. For sale at D. C. Scribner's drug store.

Everything at Dettenthaler's.

Nine bars German family soap 25 cents. KILLMAN'S GROCERY.

Popular Summer Resort. Hotel Ottawa, Ottawa Beach, Mich., located on Macatowa bay on Lake Michigan, twenty miles south of Grand Haven; and thirty miles from Grand Rapids. Boating, fishing and best surf bathing beach on the lake. Hotel first-class. Rates moderate. Now open. For particulars address RICH & NASH.

Would you ride on a railroad that uses no danger signals? That cough is a sign of danger. The safest cure is Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction.

A Wonderful Statement. Proprietors of Dullum's Great German Remedy.

GENTLEMEN—I have for the past two years been troubled with a serious and very severe Liver and Stomach difficulty. Have had advice and medicine from our very best physicians and only to be temporarily relieved. Some of my friends persuaded me to try your Great German Remedy for the Blood, Stomach and Kidneys and to my surprise after using three bottles I feel like a new man. If you desire you can use my name in print or by reference in any of the Grand Rapids, Michigan, papers, or any other papers in the states, to convince the afflicted that it is the best Blood, Liver and Kidney medicine on earth. I feel like a new man. Have lived here over forty years. J. M. LIVINGSTON, Grand Rapids, Mich.

For sale at D. C. Scribner's drug store, No. 73 Monroe street.

A Million Friends.

A friend in need is a friend indeed, and not less than one million have found just such a friend in Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. If you have never used this Great Cough Medicine, one trial will convince you that it has wonderful curative powers in all diseases of the Throat, Chest and Lungs. Each bottle is guaranteed to do all that is claimed or money will be refunded. Trial bottles free at Peck Bros' Drug Store. Large bottles 50c and \$1.00.

Deserving Praise.

We desire to say to our citizens that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. Peck Bros., Druggists.

Peckham's Arnica Salve. The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Peck Bros., druggists, corner Monroe and Division sts.

Peckham's Croup Remedy cures whooping cough.

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Chicago. Parlor cars 1:30 p. m. every day. Sleeping cars 11:15 p. m. every day.

Detroit. Parlor cars 7:30 a. m. every day. Tailor cars 7:30 a. m. every day. Sleeping cars 11:15 p. m. every day.

Indianapolis. Sleeping cars 11:15 p. m. except Saturdays.

GEORGE HAVEN, General Passenger Agent.



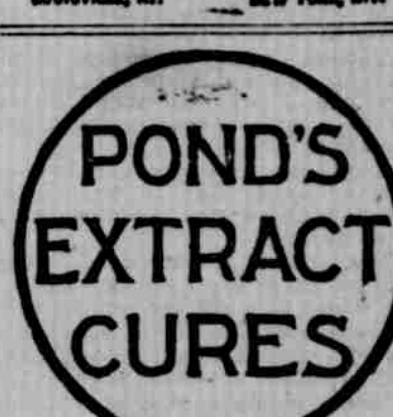
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Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.



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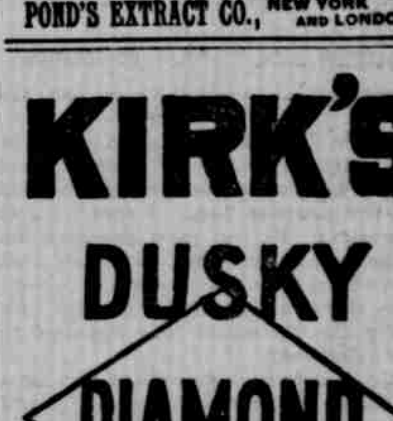
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Just what you have been looking for a durable Camp Chair for

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Nice for the beach, lawn, summer cottage or the races.

Don't be without a Refrigerator any longer—the Leonard Cleanable is the very best.

A few more of those Crystal Lemonade Sets left—23c is a really cheap for them, and then those Berry Sets for the same money can't be beaten for several times that amount.

Have you seen them? Any size Picnic Basket for 5c.

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This is the reason to

Use Disinfectants Freely!

Especially about damp walls in the basement, outbuildings, sewers, etc., should also be looked after, as sickness may be prevented by proper disinfecting. We sell

Crude Carbolic Acid at 30 Cents per Quart Jug.

The crude has all the value of the refined and will prove quite as satisfactory for common use. The refined acid we recommend for household use.

To persons who object to the odor of carbolic acid we recommend

Bromo Chloralum.

This is non-poisonous and odorless. It is well adapted for washing and disinfecting refrigerators, use in sick rooms, etc. Platt's Chlorides are equally good.

For purposes where a cheap disinfectant is desired.

Copperas is the Best.

We Sell 10 lbs of it for 25 Cts.

And the solution, 2 lbs to a gallon of water, will thoroughly disinfect outbuildings by pouring a little in occasionally. The price permits its free use.

Tar Camphor

Is the cheapest insecticide. It is practically solid carbolic acid, and is used for preventing the ravages of moths. It is cheap, about one-third the price of camphor. The large clothing stores find it answers quite as well. It is perfectly white, does not stain, and comes in powder, squares and balls. The odor arising from it disappears on exposure to the air. It is well adapted for washing garments, woodwork, and for every use where it is desirable to secure against moths. We keep all other antiseptics and disinfectants, but the above are the most prominent.

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Corner Monroe and Division Streets.

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Send in your order at once when you can get regular service.

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